In Your Arms- Bayverse Raph X Reader

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In Your Arms- Bayverse Raph X Reader

by ChloeWithChills

Summary

In Your Arms: Bayverse Raph- Reader gets a taste of the life the turtles live. After dating her turtle in red for almost a year now, Reader can see why Raph was so adamant on keeping them safe. Reader knew what they did. But experiencing it firsthand- Getting kidnapped was not on the to-do list. Afraid the emotions of the night's events would push Raph away, Reader bottles them up, causing a panic attack.

Notes

enjoy!

You had seen the movies: Someone gets kidnapped, and they seem to know exactly what to do in the moment, they fight off the danger, they are tough. It was the kind of event that you've only heard talked about. It could never happen to you. Growing up, you were always told to steer clear of strangers. You had seen videos on YouTube on how to throw off the attacker.
Even took classes and chatted with friends on defense techniques and was told how to handle a kidnapping.

You wished you could say what you would do in that moment. But everything left you. There was no amount of preparation that could have prepared you for this. The last thing you remember is the smell of chloroform hitting your nostrils.

Now you sit here blindfolded and hands tied behind a metal pillar. The air smelled of mildew and BO. One shift told you your knees were also tied together. Even through the blindfold, the world seemed to spin around you. The food you had eaten prior rolled around in your stomach.

You felt sick.

How had you gotten here?

The thought only brought a headache. The sound coming from your mouth told you your throat was dry. You heard shuffling around you and tensed up. You were terrified. Thoughts of Raph's reminders of safety and paranoia trickled in one by one.

At the time, you had complied, never really understanding why your boyfriend was so leery. Sure, you knew what he had done. He wasn't really keen on keeping many secrets from you if you asked. However, that didn't mean you weren't shielded from the reality of what he did. He never talked about the weight of what he did.

It was his life.

It was all he knew.

He had grown up knowing that their small family unit could be compromised at any moment. Their peace could easily be taken. The turtles grew up in that world. That made the moments he did live in special. You knew no such world. You had only seen Raph outside of his missions. He was always so happy to see you, as if every meeting were a gift.
Like you were a gift.

"Hey, boss, I think they are wakin' up"

The voice was thick and heavy with a New York accent. Unfamiliar. Your stomach rolled again as you tried to keep calm. You could practically feel the rise and fall of your chest. Trying in vain to pretend to be asleep.

Trying to get a gauge of your location.

Something.

There was nothing.

You could only feel the concrete below you. Your shoulders ached from their uncomfortable position. You could feel the rope tying them together, begging to dig into your wrists.
You dug your nails into your fists. Trying to keep calm. That effort was thwarted when a fist punched into something beside your head. Something broke. You yelped in response and sent your head in the direction of the sound.

You heard a low chuckle graze your ear.

“No use in pretendin’.” The voice was close. You smelled fish in their breath.

You heard steps echoing away from you.

“Now, do yourself a favor and answer a couple of questions fer us. Fail to comply and well..let’s just say you won’t be seein’ the sun anymore.”

Another chuckle echoed in the room, this one equally unfamiliar. It was calm with an eerie feel to it.

You swallowed a shaky response. What did they want from you? You wished you could get out of this situation. You only had one person you wanted to see right now, and you wanted nothing more than to curl up in their arms.

“I think they get the message. Now. Let’s get to business. You’ve been seen on several occasions with the turtles. VA alleyway. Our trackers picked up traces of mutant residue, and oh.. how funny…your DNA...”

You pulled against your rope and suppressed a cry.
How had they known your location?
Or even found you. Who were these people?
How did they know about the turtles?

You heard the person talking walk closer to you, and the scuffling of their shoe told you they had crouched in front of you.

“Now, do me a favor and tell us where the turtles are.”

The voice was calm. Terrifyingly calm. It told you that you'd better not disobey him. The hairs on your neck stood up
.
“Don’t make me ask again”

This time, you heard a click, then a sharp feeling against your neck. A knife.

All reason left you. You just wanted to see your turtle and go home. You stuttered and babbled a response.

“I- I don’t k-know I swear! Please”

You weren’t sure what you were begging for.
Getting out seemed like it wasn’t going to happen any time soon.
Would you die here?

The pressure from the knife didn’t ease up. You could feel it beginning to dig into your skin, and you let out a strangled cry. It wasn’t the knife that pained you as much as the cool terror washing over your bound body.

“I’m going to let you rethink that answer and ask you one last time.”

The knife pressed deeper into your skin, and you could feel a light trickle of blood from where the skin was beginning to open.

“Where are the turtles located?”

Your perpetrator was losing his patience if the grit of his teeth told you anything.

Before you had time to respond, the sound of glass shattering all over the floor echoed throughout the room.
You could hear grunts and the sound of metal ringing in the air.

There was a thud.

The man on top of you was thrown off of you if the brush of air and the absence of a knife against you told you anything.

You heard screams.

Some sounds made you feel queasy.

You gasped and pulled against your restraints.

What was going on?
Were you fixing to die?

Everything was terrifyingly silent, and you forced yourself to listen. You brought your knees closer to you. It didn’t matter if it made your back dig into the pole behind you more. You wanted to disappear.
You felt two big hands grab your shoulders. It wasn’t rough by any means, but any touch was enough to scare you right now.

“n-no! p-please!” you squawked and tried to shemmy out of the grasp.

You heard a soft shushing sound. Carried by a voice you knew very well.

“y/n yer safe now.. It's me. Don’t worry, I won't let anything else hurt ya”

“R-Raph?”

You hated how pitiful you sounded. But you needed to know if this was real. You needed to see him.

“Yes, that’s right. I’m going to get you out of here kay?”

After that, you felt the snap of the rope behind your hands and around your knees. You didn’t realize how much the rope was digging into your skin because you felt immediate relief. You forced yourself to continue to remain calm. Everything in you wanted to scream. You wanted to cry and wrap your hands around your boyfriend.

You swallowed a cry, a ragged breath escaping your throat.

You felt two big arms wrap around you and pick you up from behind your legs, and adjust you to carry bridal style.

You were shaking.

You felt one of his hands rub soft circles into your shoulder.

Calming.

“Hold on tight for me darlin’, everything’s going to be okay”

You gave a soft nod as a response, unsure if you could even speak clearly.

You wrapped your arms around his neck and felt a rush of wind around you, and felt as he carried you from rooftop to rooftop. You felt the wind brushing past your ears. You knew you could take your blindfold off. You weren’t sure why you or Raph had kept it on.

Maybe he didn’t want you to witness the aftermath of the rescue.

You were sure it didn’t look appealing.

It definably didn’t sound like something you would want to see.

For you, seeing black had become sort of calming. Or maybe it was because you felt you had to be strong. These emotions felt like too much. Raph’s paranoia suddenly didn’t seem like a bad thing. You knew it was for good reason. But now living through what he and his brothers encounter on a weekly basis made every action, every worry, justified.

He was so strong.
You didn’t live in his world, but you had experienced it tonight.

You weren’t sure whether the thought of losing him to his world or simply not being able to handle it started, but tonight it became apparent.

Would he still love you if you couldn’t handle it?

Would he let you in or push you away?

You mentally reeled at the thought.
Why now?
You couldn't think anymore.
You didn't want to.
How would you even begin to process everything that had happened tonight?

Did you even want to?

You felt Raph come to a stop and place you gently on the gravel rooftop. He seemed to pause before shifting and taking your blindfold off.
Your eyes winced from New York City's bright lights. This city never did sleep. You weren't sure you had it in you to speak. How could you? Everything seemed like too much. You were trying so hard to stay strong.

Two crushing arms came around you.

Safe.

Warm.
"you dont gotta say nothin'. Im just here, and im not goin anywhere. Its okay yer safe now"

You melted instantly against his arms. You could feel his heartbeat as you lay your head against his plastron.
Your breathing hadn't slowed down since being rescued, and your chest was beginning to get tight. It was only then that you realized you were still shaking.

"I-im sorry" you hated how you stuttered. Your breath caught in your throat.

"you don't gotta be sorry y/n ya did nothin wrong." You felt his grip tighten around you as he lifted you and placed you on his lap.

"I- I should have been more careful-" you were beginning to hear your breaths. You tried so hard to calm down. You knew you were safe.

"hey hey hey.. look at me ive got you. Its gonna be okay."

For as rugged as your boyfriend tried to come off, he was always in tune with everyone's emotions. It was one thing you loved dearly about him. Reaching your limit, tears started to fall down your eyes and he continued to rub soft circles into your back.

"there ya go. Lets take a couple of breaths. I got ya."

You breathed in, greedy for air. Trying desperately to match Raph's breathing. He adjusted you in his lap and used the hand holding your back to play with your hair.

Soft.

Grounding.

You weren't sure how long you had cried, but from the headache forming, it had to have been a while. Your breathing eventually leveled out, and exhaustion hit you like a train.
There was a low rumble coming from the turtle behind you.

"There ya are." He adjusted himself so that he could wipe your tears.

You leaned into his touch.
You found your voice again, still shaky.

"I-I froze..I didn't fight back…and when they questioned m-me I had no idea what to say."

"Y/n I don't expect ya to know everythin' or handle this "correctly"" you could see him do air quotes before continuing. "Everythin' that happened tonight was my fault. I don't expect you to be okay right now."

He paused to look you in the eye.

"And by my standards ya handled yourself better than I would have imagined. You didn't give our location. Ya kept quiet. You did everythin' I would have wanted you to do and more."

He took a breath.

"I cant say that this wont ever happen' again but if It does, wait fer me. Do exactly what you did, and I will always find you. It doesn't matter if you are across the ocean. In the desert. or even on the other side of the world. Wait for me and I will find you. Always."

He took a breath, looking away, chuckling to himself before meeting your eyes again.

"that is- IF- they would be lucky to get their hands on ya again. Raph won't let the bad guys hurt ya ever again. Not while I'm still breathin."

From the way you saw it, he wasn't closing you out like you thought he would. Instead, he was inviting you in and this time, he was going to do everything in his power not to let you go.

"y/n"

He leaned in closer, leveling his eyes with yours.

"That's a promise I don't intend to break."

You brought your hand up to his cheek, caressing it.

"I was so scared I wasn't going to make it home. Terrified I wouldn't see you again. Terrified I couldn't hear your corny jokes.. But I think I was even more terrified I would lose you..Raph..this world..its yours..Im not used to it..I was scared that if…no amount of warning could have prepared me for…"

Your words died off, not sure what you were trying to say. You only knew how you felt. Raph's eyes softened as he seemed to know what you were getting at. He leaned into your touch before responding and taking your hand.

“This life I live it aint for everyone..but y/n when I see my world I picture you in it. Its not easy.. I know it aint. Dut darlin’ no matter how different our lives may be we still live in the same world and I will do everthin I can to protect that.”

He seemed to pause before looking away.

“that is..if ya still want that..” his words came out softer than you expected.

You sat up fully before you grabbed both sides of his face.

“Of course, I still want that!”
Raph only grinned before wrapping his arms around you so fast and leaning back so now you laid on his plastron.

“Good because I aint ever lettin’ ya go.”

“Now let’s get ya patched up. Dons gonna freak with this one.”

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